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# M.P. News

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The M.P. News is published monthly: twelve issues per year by and for the men and women of the Montana State Prison, Deer Lodge, Montana, with the permission of the Warden and under the supervision of the Director of Education. The opinions expressed herein are the opinions of the writers and not necessarily those of the Administration or the M.P. News Staff. This Publication serves to give the inmate an opportunity for self-expression and provides him with a medium for the discussion of public problems, to foster better understanding between inmates and the public. Second-class postage paid at Deer Lodge, Montana. Subscription prices: $1.50 per year. Address all mail, subscriptions or change of address to: The Editor, M.P. News, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana. All or any part of this issue may be reprinted provided credit is given to the title of the publication. A copy of the reproduction would be appreciated.

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Volume V
May-June

Number 5
1964

# STIR-TIS-TICS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| High Number | 21 094 | Low Number | 6235 |
| Population Inside | 432 | Rothe Hall | 232 |
| Women's Quarters | 13 | Ranches | 20 |

Total Population 702

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ABOUT THE COVER

This month's cover was inspired by the slogan: SEND ME A MAN WHO READS. The Old Maid's version of this slogan is: SEND ME A MAN. WHO READS?

# The Editor's Desk

by J. Snow

We would like to apologize to our readers for the tardiness of last month's issue. Due to a press breakdown we were almost a month late and for that reason have doubled up on the May-June issues. Subscribers will have their subscriptions extended one month.

The article THIS I SAY by Don Phillips was a last minute insertion and for that reason did not receive the attention it deserved. I have a few comments to make on Don's piece which he perhaps did not know about at the time he wrote his article.

If Don will look back at our past issues he will see that there were usually 36 to 40 pages per issue. Last month we ran 48 pages. The principal reason for this was the Parole Board article turned in by the Deputy Warden, along with the additonal paper to run it on. Mr. Dwight felt that thru the M.P. News most of the inmates would be able to read and familiarize themselves with the procedures and rules which govern the Board's actions. The article was originally in booklet form. It is used by the Board of Pardons and Paroles to inform attorneys, families and others concerned with the methods they use in evaluating those eligible for parole, and in policing the parolee.

As far as the articles being political, it is doubtful if the M.P. News has much political influence at any level of government. It is my opinion that much more good was done by the running of this piece than harm.

Here is a quote from a letter by an inmate's wife, "It sounds like a tough row to hoe, getting a parole. Especially if the community can't forgive the type of crime and you have more than one conviction. I'm going to keep this copy of the M.P. News out so I can re-read

the parole part again and refer to it later, when I forget what I've read and you're due for parole."

According to the front office, more copies of the M.P. News were mailed home last month than at any previous time in the history of the publication.

As to the inmates having no voice in politics and the articles therefore being out of place, it is because the inmate will not speak up and will not make himself politically aware that he has no voice. In Michigan it will soon be the policy to reinstate a man's constitutional rights after he has done two years of good time on the "bricks". His record will be wiped clean and he will truly have a fresh start. It is only by making the public and the inmates aware of the discrepancies in all forms of penology and jurisprudence that the problems can be studied and effective legislation enacted. Some time ago in a Penal Press Exchange column the M.P. News was panned and called a "censored joke book." I don't believe this can any longer be said. Certainly not--if more inmates would submit material on which they had done a little research and work. It's like pulling teeth to try and get anything out of the men most capable of writing good material. I would like the M.P. News to be among the top ten penal publications in the country the next time a survey is made. It can only be done with the help of the entire population. Perhaps even Don Phillips will consent to writing his monthly feature THIS I SAY...again.

****

PRISON INMATE PARTLY RIGHT
(Great Falls, AP):

"Please help us...these guys are torturing us and holding us against our will."

That was the message Melvin A. Miller of Great Falls found pasted to the back of a prison-made license plate he received.

Officials at the Montana State Penitentiary in Deer Lodge confirmed they had men being held against their will. They denied any were being tortured.

****

SHADOW OF SOLOMON?

He who decides a case without hearing the other side, though he decide justly, cannot be considered just.

---Seneca

# SOFTBALL

BY

*Willie "Boy" Weinberger*

With Spring finally getting here softball is once again the major sport within the institution. With the shop league softball in full swing, we should see a lot of action and we urge all those who are not participating in any softball this year to get out and support the team of their choice.

An "A" and "B" team were chosen to represent the institution against outside competition.

ROTHE HALL EDGES INSIDE "A".

Big George Dyer cracked two home runs. Dan Beaton and Norm Baulsir each hit one homer in the 1964 opener to edge past the inside by a score of 10-9.

Ralph Boehm collected a home run for the inside. Working in relief, Cottrell of Rothe Hall got the victory. Walter Wellman was the loser.

INSIDE "B" TRIMS ROTHE HALL "B".

Don Toms hit two homers in helping the inside "B" team to an 8-6 win over Rothe Hall "B" team in a 10 inning game. Hamilton hit a two run homer in the fifth for Rothe Hall.

Casey from the inside was the winner with 17 strikeouts to his credit. Aims Back was the loser.

ROTHE HALL BLANKS INSIDE "A".

Cottrell brought his pitching record to 2-0 with a one hit pitching performance in Tuesday's doubleheader. The inside was shut out, 4-0. Vern Hoffhine took the loss.

ROTHE HALL CLOBBERS INSIDE "B".

George Dyer once again proved to be Rothe Hall's big stick as he clobbered 2 home runs. In helping Aims Back to a 13-7 victory over the inside "B" team, Dyer hit a grand slam homer in the 1st inning, and a 2 run homer in the sixth. Baulsir homered in the fourth. Casey crack-

ed 2 home runs for the inside, one in the third and another in the seventh inning.

****

The Shop League Softball season opened May 23, and it showed the garment shop bowing to the Kitchen by a score of 8-5. The rest of the scores regarding shop softball thus far are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| School No. 2 -----10 | Band ---------- 0 |
| Tag Plant -------- 7 | School No. 1 ---- 6 |
| Kitchen ----------12 | Band ---------- 2 |
| School No. 2 -----16 | Tag Plant -------12 |
| School No. 1 -----19 | Garment Shop ---- 6 |

More news on the subject of pugilistic arts:

In the April issue of the M.P. News, the results of the fight between Kelly Sonners, 125 lbs., Spokane, and SYLVESTER "J" PEASE, 125 lbs., M.S.P., were not given. Pease lost to Sonners by a split decision.

****

ALWAYS HOPE:

Dr. Arthur V. Huffman, Illinois State Criminologist: "Quite often a prisoner is absolutely sincere when he tries to explain he has no intention of ever betraying society again, but the problem lies in his ability to do so. Our job is to determine when the man is capable of becoming a good citizen."

When asked if there was such a thing as an "habitual criminal," Dr. Huffman replied, "To say that a man is a habitual anything would be to imply a limit to our work. No, I believe there is always hope for a man in prison.

via the MENARD TIME

THE RIFLEMAN

David Marshall Williams perfected the Army's modern carbine rifle while serving a 30-year prison term. A North Carolina backwoodsman operating a moonshine still in the Prohibition era, Williams was sentenced for shooting a revenue officer. Williams endured inhuman conditions on a chain gang, but his mechanical skill was eventually recognized. David "Carbine" Williams was pardoned for his useful invention and returned to society.

The rifle was the .30 caliber M-1 carbine, sometimes called the "paratroop" rifle.

# HOW WILL THEY COMPARE IN 1975

BY G. W. WELLMAN

Although some of the older men will argue the point (mostly because of the cold and their creaky bones) ball season is here.

We started the season with a game between the Old-timers vs the Youngun's, which the Old-timers won with a whole lot of luck. This really made the Old-timers throw their chests out and ask right away for another game. This fellow they call Vern Hoffhine (I think he's one of the leaders of these old men) came up to yours truly and asked if I might be able to get a team up that would give them some competiton.

Now what do you think of that? They win one game and think they are the Yanks. Well, to make a short story shorter, the Youngun's really put a whipping on those poor old men. All you can get out of them now is that it's too cold yet and us Youngun's will hear from them in July.

I hate to give too much credit to those Old-timers,but there's a few of them that are pretty fair ball-players. Don't get me wrong; we still have enough good youngun's to beat them anytime they get ready for it, but they have a new crop of young boys who seem to have two left feet which they mix with their two right hands. They don't seem to be able to do a thing right.

I don't know, maybe they don't play ball outside like they used to. Maybe a lot of things, but it seems to me that the young guys coming in now have lost all competitive spirit. The pride that makes you want to be better than the rest and the guts to work for it. Things could change if they can develop a little backbone. I, for one, hope they do.

# PRISON SENTENCES: JUSTICE OR INJUSTICE?

BY JAMES V. BENNETT, DIRECTOR
U. S. BUREAU OF PRISONS

Early in 1960 a 32-year old man was committed to a Federal prison upon his conviction of forging a $58.40 check. He was unemployed at the time of his offense, his wife had just suffered a miscarriage, and they needed money for food and rent. He was a veteran who had been honorably discharged from the Army in 1952. He had been in trouble only once before, when he received a summary court martial for a minor act of misconduct.

At about the same time there was also committed to prison a 36-year old man, who had been convicted of forging a check for $35.20. He was also unemployed, and his wife had left him. He had been honorably discharged from the Navy in 1946. A year prior to his forgery charge he had been committed to jail for 30 days for drunk driving, and shortly thereafter sentenced to six months in the county

jail for failing to provide for the child that had been born to his marriage.

Our records disclose that the histories and offenses of these two men are practically identical. 'Yet the first man received 15 years in the penitentiary, the second man received 30 days!' Why? Simply because they appeared before two different judges.

For the crime of forgery, an offense involving remarkably similar circumstances and individuals, the Federal courts of Western Arkansas and Western Oklahoma in 1959 gave average terms of 58 and 6 months respectively, while Maine and Southern New York imposed an average of nine months. For auto theft, again an offense which involves similar factors in most cases, Southern Iowa imposed terms averaging more than 46 months, but Western New York imposed terms averaging about 11 months.

The same situation exists in the state courts. The time served by all persons sentenced to prison for felonies in Vermont averages about 9 months, but in Illinois it averages 31 months. The average rapist serves 19 months in New Jersey, but he serves 40 months in the neighboring state of New York. Those convicted of homicide, on the average, serve less than 3 years in Texas, but more than 12 years in Ohio.

The United States, except for Massachusetts and Connecticut, is the only nation in the western world where the sentence, as long as it remains within legal limits, can be imposed by a single judge without any review of its fairness by a higher court. And it is no wonder that our country is the only western nation where sentences are characterized by extreme and widespread inequities. Considering the many adverse effects of such disparities on law enforcement, it is hardly strange that although our prison sentences are on the whole the most severe in the world, we also continue to have one of the highest crime rates. The deterrent and rehabilitative purposes of the law are largely frustrated and nullified by sentences of an inconsistent and unjust nature.

Every Attorney General of the United States for the past 30 years has expressed his concern over this problem. The Federal judiciary has had it under continuous study since 1938. The anxiety of the bar and the public has been mirrored in repeated articles in law journals and the press.

But it was not until 1958 that the first meaningful action was taken. Representative Emanauel Celler, Chairman of the powerful House Judiciary Committee, introduced remedial legislation in the lower chamber, and the late Senator Thomas C. Hennings, the great humanitarian and student of constitutional law, sponsored it in the upper chamber. In a survey made by Chairman Celler the proposed legislation received the endorsement of a majority of the Federal and state judges, law school deans and professors, and other interested groups from whom the Committee solicited views.

The new legislation was enacted unanimously by both chambers of the Congress in August 1958. In this omnibus Act the Congress recognized that despite shortcomings the function of sentencing was inherently judicial and should remain in the hands of the judges. But it sought to improve sentencing practices by urging the judges to get together periodically to develop a more consistent approach to their duties. The judges have followed this cue and have already held nearly a dozen seminars in which many of the issues accounting for inconsistent sentencing have been identified and studied.

The new law also gave the courts a practicable means of minimizing disparities. It simply authorized the courts to fix a maximum term within legal limits and to vest in the Parole Board the responsibility of determining when the offender could be considered eligible for parole. Sentencing consistency was therefore sought, not by any impossible attempt to measure the seriousness of the crime in terms of months and years, but by trying to keep the offender in prison until such time as he convincingly demonstrates his readiness for a law-abiding life in the community and he has served sufficiently long to deter others from similar crimes. The Congress foresightedly admitted that some defendants presented perplexing problems to the sentencing court and authorized the court to commit such defendants for an extended period of observation and study in a correctional institution before fixing the ultimate term.

Not all judges have yet attended a sentencing seminar. Not all judges are yet using the new discretionary sentencing procedures. But gradually the entire Federal Judiciary is being drawn into the new programs. State legislatures are also studying the advisability of similar statutes. Newly appointed judges are preparing them-

selves more conscientiously for their sentencing duties. Individual courts are putting forth a concrete effort to make their sentencing actions consistent with those of their colleagues. California has taken from the courts the determination of how long a prisoner shall serve and placed it in the hands of a special seven-man tribunal. Other states allow the courts to fix only the maximum and leave the exact time to be served to special boards. Contrary to what some prosecutors predicted the time actually served is longer when the fixing of the sentence is left to experts than when it remains in the hands of a single judge.

The problem of sentence disparities however is still serious. But the courts, encouraged by the lawmakers, are traveling down the road toward it resolutely. Perhaps we shall some day reach the point where the principal of equal justice shall have achieved a reasonable semblance of reality.

Next month we will present the third in this series of articles by one of the nations top penal experts. It is titled "In The Can As Men Or Sardines" and deals with the antequated institutions that are being maintained at the taxpayers and inmates expense.

(##)

(Via AP News)-An oddity turns up, on the subject of Capital punishment, in a document sent by Ralph Murdy, Director of the Criminal Justice Commission.

In urging that Maryland retain capital punishment, some members of a survey group (minority members, by the way) pointed to nearby Delaware as an example. That State abolished the death penalty in 1958 and restored it last year.

Murdy presents an ironic fact. When Delaware was trying to decide whether to restore the death penalty one of the strong voices in favor of the move was a Wilmington detective-sergeant. As one who had done police work for 20 years, he proclaimed, he could testify that the death penalty puts fear into the hearts of would-be murderers; deters them from killing.

His voice was heeded. Legal execution was put back into Delaware's laws.

Ten days later the detective-sergeant killed his wife.

Enough said?

# MOUNT POWELL GAVEL CLUB -141-

BY DADDOW & Mc GIVERN

The evening of April 8th found the Mt. Powell Gavel Club entertaining the Helena Toastmasters #487, and the Deer Lodge Toastmasters at the Prison theater. The program was part of the three-way speak-off between these clubs. Under the able leadership of Toastmaster Dan Gallant, Table Topic Master Mr. McLeod, the contest was a real success.

Warden Ed Ellsworth, Jr. announced the judges' final decisions. They were as follows: Don Meckler won first place in the Main speech division. Second place went to Mr. Jacobson of the Deer Lodge Toastmasters. Dick Grimes of the Capitol Toastmasters from Helena took third place.

Table Topic winners were Mr. B. Eschenbacher of the Deer Lodge Toastmasters, with Mr. Frazer of Capitol in second place, and Gene Brewster of the Mt. Powell Gavel Club in third place.

Judges were Warden Ed Ellsworth, Jr.; Mr. Zaharko of the Montana Hiway Patrol; Mr. McMann and Mr. McCaskey. Warden Ellsworth remarked during the awards presentation that the decisions of the judges were very close, and the speeches well presented.

Members of the Mt. Powell Gavel Club #141 wish to express their appreciation to all who participated in the program, as well as to the inmates and officers who attended the program and helped make it a success.

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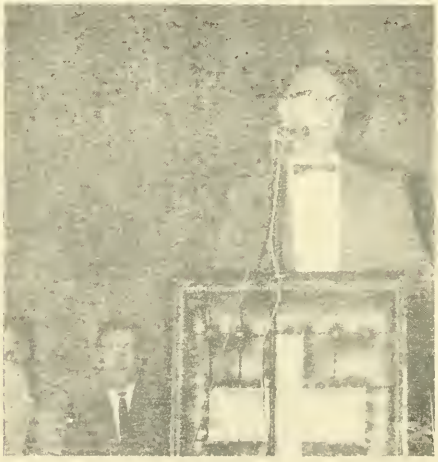
Don Meckler of the Mount Powell Gavel Club took first place in the main speeches with his speech on education. Don teaches English and Literature in the Prison school. He is Administrative Vice President of Gavel Club #141.



Mr. Ben Eschenbacher, Prison Sociologist, takes first place honors in the Table Topics. He is the sponsor for the Mount Powell Gavel Club and is a member of the Deer Lodge Toastmasters.

THREE WAY SPEECH CONTEST:

On the evening of April 29th, the Mt. Powell Gavel Club #141 was the Host club to a Three Way Speech Contest held in the William A. Clark Theater. The participating clubs from the outside were: Helena Capitol Club #940, Helena Toastmasters Club #487, and the Deer Lodge Toastmasters. Toastmaster for the evening was Mr. Levi Loss of the Capitol Club, and the Table Topics Master was Mr. Bill Frazer of the Helena Toastmasters.

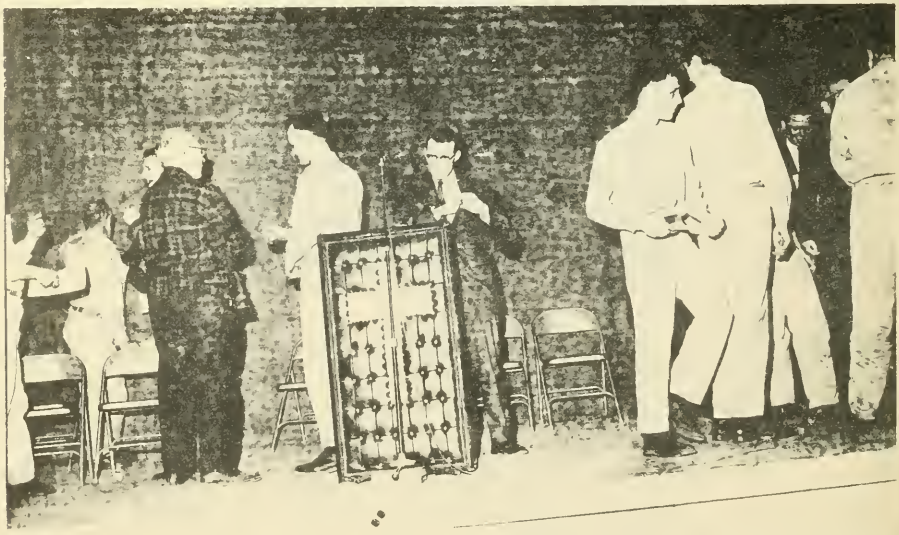
Main speeches for the night and their topics were: Mr. Jack Hayton of the Helena Toastmasters, and his speech was "A Recent Trip Taken." Mr. Bill Samson of the Helena Capitol Club delivered his speech on "The Atomic Bombing of Hiroshima." Mr. Tom Layne of the Mt. Powell Gavel Club spoke on "Troublesome Times." Winners of the Main Speech contest were: 1st place, Mr. Bill Samson. 2nd place: Mr. Tom Layne, and 3rd place went to Mr. Dick Hayton.

Winners of the Table Topics were Mr. Dick Fossum, who took 1st place for the Helena Capitol Club. Mr. Norm Aronson of the Helena Toastmasters took 2nd place, and Mr. Rock Hand of the Helena Toastmasters took 3rd place. Fourth place went to Mr. Jim Harris of the Mt. Powell Gavel Club.

Judges for this event were Mr. Bob Hayes, Mr. Jim Woodward, Joe Lucas and Mr. Art McMann.

While the judges were tabulating the scores on the speeches, Dr. McVey of the Helena Capitol Club acted as the installation officer during the ceremony of presenting the new officers of the Mt. Powell Gavel Club. The new officers are: Mr. Keith Moran, President; Mr. Don Meckler, Administrative Vice President; Mr. Tom Layne, Educational Vice President; Mr. Jerry McGivern, Secretary; Mr. Lawrence (Buster) Morran, Parliamentarian; and Mr. Pete Hoskins as Sergeant-at-Arms.

One of the most popular parts of the contests that have taken place here recently is the get-togethers after the speak-offs. Inmates and guests mingle and enjoy coffee and cake together. It gives the inmates a solid contact with the outside and a chance to learn that "Square Johns" are people after all.



# LEND ME YOUR HEART

I am one who would like to give our people behind bars a break. I am writing this article from the viewpoint of one who has been and one who has a husband in prison, while I am trying, to the best of my ability, to keep our family, including five children, together.

Some years ago I was in prison,and it isn't a pleasant experience to look back to. Yet, I believe, I am a better person by having had that experience.

You may ask why and say it sounds like I recommend it for everyone. I don't, but it is where I found what is important to me. One has plenty of time to think and it was while there that I set my goals. Though taking a long time to materialize, they are gradually, but I keep having to work a little harder to reach them.

When my husband and I had financial problems, we wrote bogus checks and were sentenced to prison. I don't and never have believed in doing anything like this. If you asked me now why I did it, I would truthfully answer, "I don't know now, nor did I know when the judge at my trial asked me. No one insisted that I write the checks, and I know it is not the way to go about solving financial problems.

We had two children at that time and they were put in a foster home, while my husband and I went to prison. I had one year to serve. After three months I was eligible for parole, with only one problem: I was expecting a third child. As the state in which I was sentenced did not have a prison for women, I was sent to another state. As the date for my release conflicted with the date the baby was due,I was detained until after the baby's birth. After four and a half months I returned to our other children. The sentence of my husband was suspended by the judge who sentenced us, after I found him suitable employment.

You know, it's an awful experience to leave prison. I was more frightened at leaving than entering. In prison there is time to think and plan, but it's a different story getting back to society and putting the plans to work.

There is always someone who seems to look over your shoulder wondering: What is she going to do now? It's awfully hard to do your best and then feel so good for nothing because of what you've done in the past. Feeling unworthy to be with anyone else, with the guilt that lingers, you feel others can just look and see you've been in prison.

Why should it matter what others think? Doesn't everyone need someone to care for them just for themselves? No fronts, just for the people they are, not for what they've done, good or bad, in the past?

Why should I have been afraid to get back into our free society? I know why. I was told some time ago by a young child who said, "My mother doesn't like us to go by the prison because the people there may get angry and you can't tell what they'll do." Oh, for just a few people that would understand! I told the child that our Daddy was there and that we love him very much. I went on to tell her that he would never hurt her or anyone else, nor would most of the others in there. I explained that we were the same as other families, only our Daddy made a mistake and is gone for now, but that we are looking forward to the day when he will return to us. With the children telling her the nice things we have done and the fun we shared, she said we must have a good Daddy. He is a good Daddy, as are many other fathers and husbands in prison. But, why should they or anyone fear leaving prison? Because, like the young child, all too many grown ups believe only very bad people go to prison.

When they are released do we say, "Lets see what I can do to help you find a better way to live?" A few do, and I thank God for them, but how many are guilty of saying, "Lets see what you can do for us?" If the person doesn't have anyone who really cares what he does, and is only to be judged as a rough, tough, unfeeling convict, who should be returned to prison for the slightest reason, can he be blamed for his wall of indifference to society? Have you ever heard anyone say, "It's too bad, but he couldn't have been a very nice person or he'd never have been in prison in the first place?"

Who is really to blame for a good share of the parole violators? I'd say we are, the free society. Are we too good to be understanding or to give a helping hand to one of these people? More often than not society would be repaid many times over for the kindness and understanding we'd show them.

Yes, my husband is in prison, and will be for approximately another year. Since his imprisonment, I and our four oldest children, two to six years of age, moved about seven hundred miles. We moved to be near him, only to find that because of my past record and our moving to the same county as the prison, we do not have visiting privileges. During the last two months our youngest daughter has been born. Her father has yet to see her. Many problems have come and gone. Yet, I still try to keep my family together as best I can. From the day of

the trial,and the time our oldest boy came home from the first grade and said the teacher asked where his Daddy was, he had a good answer: "In jail. But he'll come home to us sometime." And there is the taunting by the children at school that doesn't make things pleasant. Then there was all the moving and the money problems for even the necessities of life. And the people who don't believe some wives really do love their husbands and are faithful so they give me advice to go find a substitute for the duration my husband is gone. This they seem to think will compensate for the things I'd like that I can't afford on welfare aid, and for companionship. They hint that I am a cold person because I think they are sick at making such a suggestion. I just say, "I'm not a cold person; simply a married one."

Finally, there are our dear friends at the church we attend each Sunday. They cared for the children during my hospital stay when our baby daughter was born. Their interest and help make our lonely days of waiting for our loved one more bearable.

I was asked the other day where my husband was and I answered, "In prison", only to be told a few good drinks would help to console me. I don't drink and said so. Is this really what people think helps to console one in my position? God forbid!

It isn't an easy life to have complete care of five young children. A mother can not take the place of a father. Our children love and need their father. They understand where Daddy is and why. One day our oldest daughter said, "Let's go over and tell that guard to let our Daddy come home now. He's been gone a long time and I'm tired of waiting." We do get impatient at times, but never discouraged. The children love their Daddy and I my husband. We miss him very much, but not because of the lack of material things, which we can't afford now, only for the family we want to be and the love and understanding we need from each other. The togetherness and the companionship that only a father can give our sons and daughters who think he is the best. Going to church with Daddy as the head of the family is what we want. His good qualities far outnumber his bad, and the love we've shared is priceless. In our book, he's worth waiting for.

In the past few months, through correspondence, my husband and I have found the understanding we lacked.

We have learned to face our problems truthfully and are ready to make a good try at a decent future. God willing, we will have a very bright future with our five children and friends, as we haven't any other family. I hope our friends will be many and that they will not be ashamed to know us.

We try to be a good and decent family, abiding by the laws of the community we live in. Many people know us and are kind and friendly. We mind our own business, give a helping hand, try to be understanding, and help at the church, all of which have many rewards. The best reward is when people tell me what a nice family I've got and what lovely children we have.

A friendly hello means a lot to us, and means a lot to any person returning to our society. Don't offer to buy a parolee a drink in a tavern; this will only get him sent back to prison, and is the main reason my husband is there now.

I am asking each of the readers of this article to stop and take a few minutes to think of these people. Don't be so ready to condemn. Give a few minutes to someone who needs your help so very much. No handouts, just a little understanding.

I'd say put yourself in their place, but one can't do that unless you have been in prison. One can be sure when the Board of Pardons and Paroles releases anyone it is because in their opinion the persons chances for rehabilitation are very good. Why not give them a helping hand? It doesn't cost anything to give a friendly smile and say hello, or to give these people a job they need, if you have a job available. They are an asset.

The time I wait for my husband is filled with the busy daily caring of the children and the letters I write to him. I try to write every day, even if its just little nothings, but always to let him know we care very much. Evenings get long and lonely, but our day will come. I have no desire to join any mixed social gathering as I feel my husband should be with me when I do so. I have a wonderful husband, mistakes and all, and no one can take his place. I'm not a faithful wife because he or others expect me to be, and because others think I'm old fashioned and silly for waiting---I am me. I want to face myself and be proud of what I see, not ashamed. I intend to keep my wedding vows, for better or for worse, till death us do part. I want my husband to come home

to a family filled with love and understanding. The past should be left to the past. With your help, we and many other families can have a better and brighter future.

If you haven't the opportunity to help any of these men or women with deeds, I know your prayers will be appreciated.

Why don't we utilize the Christianity we proclaim? We can find good in everyone, if we want. Let's not close our hearts as well as our eyes to these people. Let's remember they are human beings who have made mistakes, but are worthy of a chance to be an asset to any community. Aren't we all fallible?

Too many of us think our duty ends when we send these people to prison. We expect them to come out rehabilitated. Rehabilitation only starts in prison. The working part begins when they are returned to society. Rehabilitation is a fifty-fifty proposition between released inmate and society.

Many inmates have paroles now, but are detained because they haven't homes and/or jobs. I know one thing I can do for my husband and that's to have a home he can be proud to come to. We are planning on his going to college to learn a good trade after his release. I am going to help in every way I can. Won't you help us and others who need your understanding? God bless each of you for any kindness.

In closing I'd like to share this thought with you: "Let's not hold our heads so high we can not see the ground; anyone can stumble."

Earl Jones, John Standing Chief, Francis M. Williams, Carl Moody, David Hopkins, Jr., John E. Gunderson, and W. Gardipee will receive their high school diplomas on June 23rd.

Darrel W. Jackson, Robert B. Syphert, Fred S. Marchand, Dennis S. White, Arnold C. Braun, Thomas Layne and Aubyn Adcock will receive their eighth grade diplomas.

The diplomas of both groups are the same as those used by the Powell County schools.

# THE STONE AGE MORALS OF THE 20th Century

America, as the saying goes, is the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A land of high morality and strong ethics, America is supposedly the standard of what is right and good. I say supposedly because...

Last month in the state of New York, in the typical American community of Kew Gardens, a young woman was stabbed to death in front of her apartment. Her assailant, during a 35 minute period made repeated assaults on her, while over 37 people watched. No one tried to help the young woman. Nobody even bothered to call the police, until after the last attack--by this time it was too late--Kitty Genovese, was dead. So then, in the shadow of the World's Fair, these people looked down from their windows and witnessed a sight that was far more spectacular than the most costly and complicated exhibit at the fairground. They witnessed the taking of a human life. It is a very serious crime to commit murder--it is not a crime to watch. There is no law that compels you to help your neighbor.

They key word in their explanations is "involved." No one wanted to get involved in the mess. Nobody wanted to go to court. They didn't want to be questioned. They didn't want their names mentioned. America, the home of the brave?

Let us move to Dallas. No one needs to be reminded of the tragic and shocking events that took place there. A man in a window, a cheap rifle and a parade. On November 22, 1963 three shots rang out, and history was made. Two days later, Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin was shot and killed. He was shot inside the Dallas police station, surrounded by a police escort, and in front of T.V. cameras. More history. And who could ever forget the bizarre trial of Jack Ruby--the crude jail break of seven men during the trial--or the antics of Ruby's lawyer? From the picking of the jury, to the reading of the verdict, Melvin Belli's dramatic escapades held the limelight...high morality and strong ethics?

Moving back to New York we see a naked teenaged girl in the Bronx, screaming for help. A small crowd gathers and watches--no one offers any assistance. The story is as shocking as a nightmare. She was working alone, in an office, when a man came in. Without warning, he tore off her clothes and raped her. When she regained her senses, he threatened her with a razor. Naked and scared she ran to the doorway--the man caught her and began to beat her. She fell down the stairs and began screaming for help. The man tried to force her back into the office. Passersby moved on. Two policemen heard the screams and arrived in time to arrest her assailant.

In Albany, a young man stands on a ledge 12 stories above the ground and threatens to jump. People gather below and make bets as to whether he will or not. A woman remarks that if he doesn't jump soon, she will miss her bus. A man hopes that he will jump on this side of the building, so he will be able to see him. The crowd begins to chant: "Jump! Jump! Jump!" America, the standard of what is right and good?

We could go on and on. We could mention things like race riots, sit-ins,the police dogs and the fire hoses. We could move to the stories that never reach the papers, the ones we only hear about. We could, but we won't. We have hit only the highlights, the latest things in the news--the shocking, unbelieveable ones. We have presented facts, the cold unchangeable truth. In the words of Byron, "Tis strange--but true; for truth is always strange, stranger than fiction." No fiction

writer would write a story with scenes in it like the ones just described. No one would believe it.

Unfortunately, this story has no ending. It is just beginning. Are these, then, the signs of the times? What is the reason for these fantastic events? What causes this strange behavior that these people displayed? What is happening to our ethics and our morals?

It is time to ask ourselves these questions; these, and many more. Put yourself in their place--what would you have done? While you are thinking about these things remember Kitty Genovese, the teenage girl, and the man on the ledge. Put yourself in Dallas, and relive the history of the last few months. Listen to the pleas of the rape victim. Watch the stabbing of a young woman. Watch the making of another bet as to whether the young man will jump. Mourn again the death of a President and enjoy the circus atmosphere of the Jack Ruby trial.

It is not a pretty picture.
It is a rather discouraging one.

What can we do to change these things? Nothing. They are ugly scars that are already a permanent part of our history. We cannot change history, but we can utilize it. We can look back at these black pages and see our mistakes--see where we went wrong. We can bring our morality up to date--back to par. We can rebuild the image that we seem to have been trying to destroy; we can set an example or be an example. If our past actions are indicative of our feelings, we are losing the race.

The choice is up to you. If you are content to live in a world that ignores the pleas of a dying woman, or idly watches a naked girl begging for help, or chants, "Jump, jump, jump!" to a deranged young man, then just relax and let things continue as they are. However, if you are shocked and horrified, and you should be, now is the time to start changing things.

I cannot tell you what to do--I don't know. I can only say that we had better take a long, close, intimate look at ourselves. We should all do a little "soul searching." Remember, also, that thoughts alone are not enough. We must back up our thoughts with action. We must learn the meaning of the words morality and ethics. We must strive to practice what we learn.

Wake up, America...before it is too late!

"Some People Can't Do Anything Right."

# M.P. Newsletter

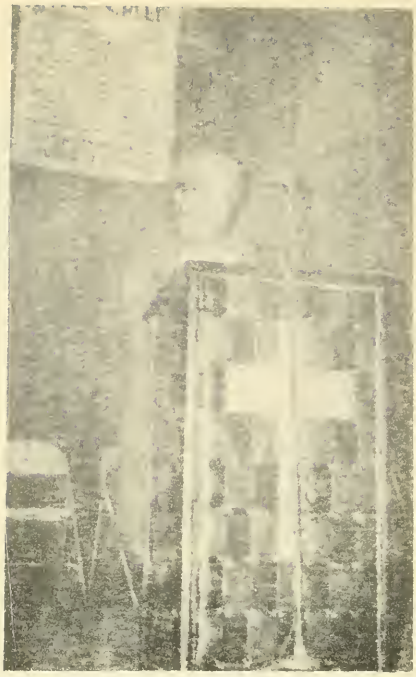
VOL. I
NO. 6

PAUL COR, EDITOR

JUNE 1964
DISTRICT #3

A new Jaycee year has started to unfold in Montana. The candidates for state and national offices are busy working on their campaigns and soliciting votes from various clubs. Naturally, we do not know who the next state officers will be, but we do know that they will have a mighty big pair of shoes to fill. The outgoing state officers have done an outstanding job during this past year. Just by looking at the Parade of States, and noting Montana's position at the top, we can see that much has been accomplished. We have worked with these outgoing officers during our short life as Jaycees—or I should say that they have worked with us and, as you know, our club is somewhat limited in attending the various state and District meetings. Ergo, since we couldn't attend, they brought district meetings to us. Harrison Fagg, our very busy state President, found time to visit us several times. Jim Bailey, our District Director, has also kept us in contact. Walt Bahr, National Director, has also attended a great number of our meetings, and has been a great help to us. The list is long and their services are many—so, to make a long story short, we would like to say thank you and congratulations on a job well done.

To the men who are running for office, may we say good luck and let the best man win. . .for we believe that it takes the best of men to hold down a state or National office.



NOTED MONTANA AUTHOR VISITS OUR CHAPTER

At our regular Monday night meeting of April 27, we had a very interesting guest. Miss Dorothy M. Johnson, associate professor of Journalism at Montana State University and author of "The Hanging Tree" and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" gave us a most informative talk that was spiced with humor. Her talk was mainly on the various adventures she encountered on her trip to Greece.

Miss Johnson, who entitles all her talks, "How to Get On a Horse," explained that she uses this title so she can have freedom in preparing her speech, and also save herself the trouble of thinking up new titles each time she is called upon to give a talk.

Miss Johnson is presently working on a novel which she is going to call "Farewell to Troy." The research for this novel was done on her trip to Greece.

She is also working on two other forthcoming books, "Some Went West," a story about pioneer women who became farmers, and "Great Villains of History." The latter is being written in collaboration with Dr. Robert Turner of The Montana University History Department.

It was a most interesting evening, and it was enjoyed by the entire prison audience.

JAYCEE SPEAK-OFF

Prior to Miss Johnson's talk on the 27th, the Deer Lodge Jaycees held a speech contest. The speak off was held to see who would represent the Deer Lodge Club in the state wide speech contest that is going to be held at the state convention in Galcier Park this June. Each speaker was given one line of the Jaycee creed and was allowed five minutes to deliver his talk. The speakers were: Tom Beck, Cliff Cox, Tom Samson and Vern Pomeroy. All gave very interesting talks, and it was a real task to the judges to pick the winner. Tom Beck won, and he will represent the Deer Lodge Club at the convention. Judges for the evening's contest were: Mr. Elmer Erickson and A. D. Lightfoot, of Deer Lodge. Two inmates from within these walls assisted as judges.

NEW OFFICERS! NEW OFFICERS! NEW OFFICERS!

During the course of our last few meetings, we held our elections. For the first time during our six months as Jaycees, we have a seven man Board of Directors. We now have a past president, Joe Lucas. Our new officers are: Zoel Snow, President; Roy Matthis, Vice President; George Suda, Vice President; Paul Cor, Secretary; Noel Williams, Treasurer; Walter Wellman, Parliamentarian. Joe Lucas, our immediate past president, fills the seventh slot. This will also be the first time that our officers are serving a full one-year term.

Our past officers were on a temporary basis until this election, and they served from December until now. Although the term was a short one, it was quite an honor, as these men were officers of the original charter group

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# A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

Enlightenment through leadership is the motto found on our Jaycee stationery. In this organization, as in no other, you have the opportunity to prove your leadership abilities by taking a project, handling all the details and following it to a successful conclusion. With the project's success or failure lies the indicator of your leadership potential and how you handle responsibility.

The inability to assume responsibility is a major factor for the majority of the inmate population throwing their hands in the air, taking a few drinks and committing a crime. Like any trait it can be changed, if you wish to change it.

According to the July 1963 ACTION magazine, "Leadership is not something you have inside of you -- like the stomach or the liver with which you were born -- nor is it a bag of tricks, or something you can just pur on and wear once in a while." They go on to say that leadership can be developed and that this is one of the prime goals of the Jaycees. It is one of the goals I have set for myself, and it is one I hope that the membership will wet for themselves.

Zoel Snow

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TO THE NEW PRESIDENT

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Zoel Snow on his election to the presidency, and to wish him every success with his new position. There is no doubt in my mind that at the end of his tern, those who voted him into office will be able to look back and find that the M. P. Jaycees is a stronger group because of Zoel.

Again, congratulations, Zoel.

Joe Lucas

# Jaycee of the Month

George Suda was picked as the outstanding M. P. Jaycee of the month. George served as Treasurer during our aspirin eating days as a charter group and he did the job more than well. During the past election, George swapped his Treasurer's books for the position of a Vice Presidency, and there is no doubt in the minds of those who know him that George will remain an asset in his new office. George is presently working in the prison band, and on Sundays he plays the organ and serves Mass for Father Beatty, our prison Chaplain. George is one of the few people we know who seems to be smiling all the time; perhaps he feels that a better tomorrow is just around the corner. Whatever the case may be, we feel that a better choice for this month's outstanding Jaycee of the Month couldn' have been made than that of George Suda. Congratulations, George.

******************************************************************

Life is a deliciously concoted wine, which must be sipped slowly. If consumed like water, in one gulp, it loses its flavor, and its value remains unknown.

Abott

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COMMITTEE REPORTS

CONSERVATION:

Our Conservation project is somewhat held up due to lack of information. However, I believe that we will be able to come up with something useful. We are tinkering with the idea of making posters advocating the prevention of forest fires, and the Keep Montana Green theme. As I said earlier, we need more information. If you have any suggestions, please let us know.

Arnold Braun, Chmn.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPEMENT:

Through the special efforts of Mr. R. T. Nash, Director of Education, our project to partition the school into classrooms is moving ahead. The Jaycee membership is 100% behind this project and is ready to work on it. We hope to convert our one-room school house into a modern "egghead" factory.

Bill Crepeau
Chairman

******************************************************************

VARIETY SHOW:

The M. P. Jaycees Variety Show, through a lot of work and effort, is finally becoming a reality. After more delays caused by many things - recording, jack-hammers, etc., rehearsal for the show has finally gotten underway. You have all heard of the various rock 'n' roll groups singing around the country. Montana State Prison has its onw rock 'n' rollers, "The Gummers." This group made up of Marvin Hayes, Ralph Boehm, Ralph Best, Ronnie Hoffman and John Byrd, will be one of the highlights of the show.

Along with providing entertainment for the inmates, it has been approved that the show will entertain at other institutions.

Tony De'Armond
Chairman

******************************************************************

BEARDS:

I still haven't gotten the prizes picked for the beard growing contest, but as soon as I can get the "powers that be" together, I'll see what can be done.

Walt Wellman
Chairman

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SPEAK-UP:

We have the Speak-Up program started and everyone is responding micely. I will try to generate more interest for those fellows who haven't had much experience and keep up the interest for those who have.

Walt Wellman
Chairman

P.S. Less than a month to go so, Grow, Cat, Grow!

## PINOCHLE & HORSESHOE TOURNAMENT

The M.P. Jaycees sponsored a Pinochle and Horseshoe tournament on May 26th. Prizes were given to the 1st & 2nd place winners.

The horseshor tournament, conducted by Noel Williams had 8 team entries, with Roy Gist and Frank(Bud) Humbert taking 1st place honors. Lonnie Larson and Frank Human were the 2nd place winners. All of the games in this event were close, showing stiff competition and good sportsmans hip up to the very last shoe.

The pinochle tournament under the direction of Roy Matthis had 18 team entries, proving that pinochle is a popular game here at M.S.P. Larry Walker and Larry Cheadle, who drew a bye in the semi-finals, won the championship game by defeating the team of Walt Wellman and Nile Flesch.

With the score 486 to 471 in favor of Wellman and Flesch, Cheadle came up with 100 aces giving his team the win.

Wellman and Flesch advanced to the final round with an astounding victory over the strong running Holloway and McCollaums. A Pinochle rarity saw Wellman draw a double run, in the very next hand his partner,Flesch, also drew a double run with double pinochle while Wellman held a single run, same suit. McCollaums uttered a few unprint -able words and departed.

Prizes of 8 packs of cigarettes were given to each winner and 4 packs to each runner-up both in the horse-shoes and the double deck pinochle.

Congratulations go to the winners and all participants, we'll see you the next time around. Thanks go to the scorekeepers, Mr. Kurzenbaum(MSP Recreation Director), and to Mr. Carpino of Social Services who did so much to get everything organized.

George Suda, Chmn.

## LOCAL OPERATIONS MANUAL

After two weeks of frantic activity the first fruits of our work rolled out Friday morning, Juen 12th. 250 copies of the new and larger guide book were delivered to Glacier Park in time for the convention. More on this next month.

Joe Lucas
Workhorse

# PRESIDENTS FINAL REPORT

Since December, 1963 it has been my priviledge to serve the Montana Prison Jaycees as President. We received our charter on February 29, 1964, but by then we were old hands at nursing projects along. During these past few months I have seen our group accomplish many worthwhile things, but most of all I have watched this same group stand out as individuals in a place where individualism is a rarity.

The M. P. Jaycees have not had smooth sailing all the way; there have been frustrations and no doubt there will be many more, but the bumps are easier to take when you don't have to take them alone. In this I have been extremely fortunate, for having eager members on the Executive Board that helped make my Presidency less burdensome.

Having received cooperation from Board and Members, I would like to take this opportunity to wish every success to our new President and new Executive Board. And to each member of the M. P. Jaycees, I would like to say thank you for a job well done.

Joe Lucas
Past President
May 11, 1964

while stealthily slipping thru the spring snows, was able to pick up these tidbits: TOAD HOPKINS ironing sheets and dreaming of home...JIM WHITE always combing his hair (to cover a bald spot), and turning down TV offers to pose for commercials plugging "that greasy skid stuff"...TONY de ARMOND bumming talent and material for the forthcoming Jaycee Variety Show...JOHN "Boozey" FIDDLER inside for a few days to shape up the honor crew for the summer ...VERN HOFFHINE, MSP's oldest young man hitting the books and still playing softball...B. A. CLARK repudiating the gray hairs in his beard and swearing he's only 35...BOB "More-Potatoes-And-Gravy-Please" EAMON telling everyone how much weight he's lost..RAY "Babbling Brook" BABICH just keeps rolling along...FRANK "Romeo" KNIGHT and AL "Casanova" WORING comparing address books....MIKE MARTINOVICH joining the Lotus Eaters and studying Yogi... JOE "Old Grouchy" LUCAS losing all that serenity....BILL KIDD buying texts...JACK "Oh my God!" TRUXALL donating 5 cartons of cigarettes to the Bingo game....C. R. CASEY reciting his juvenile athletic prowess after he strikes out 17....HAROLD "Pineapple" EBELING refusing to divulge whether or not it was worth it...ROBERT "Reno" GERARD says "But, I'll be a tiger when I get out."..LEVI "The Camel" CAMPBELL putting his artistic talent to good use as a staff member of the M.P. News...GARTH "The Cool Note" REYNOLDS blowing some high ones in the messhall...

# EDUCATION AT M.S.P.

by ROBERT EAMON

Education, according to the average layman, constitutes nothing more than "instruction and training" in an institution of learning. To the more erudite it may be defined as a "systematic development and cultivation of the natural powers by inclination...."

In order to realize its function, (and need) within the confines of a penal institution, as well as in a free society, we must endeavor to look beyond the vague generalizations of literal interpretation and understand its real purpose insofar as the human family, and we as individual members of that family, are concerned (whether we like it or not we, too, are as John Donne put it "involved in mankind").

Our first step before we can even attempt to explain why we, as individuals, need education would be then to understand and become aware of why the race of man - the family to which we are a part of, needs it.

Man has evolved from the dawn of time in an almost imperceptibly slow manner. He has grown over the eons from a semi-rational anthropoid walking on all fours to an unbelievably complex unit. He has progressed and survived when harder, more rugged species failed, because man as a group utilized the ability to collectivize. In doing so he was forced to become a group animal, unified with the whole in a common purpose- because it is evident man is going somewhere. The area in which he lived and contributed we have come to call civilization - and all that expresses and reflects this civilization we refer to as culture. But again we find ourselves dealing with arbitrary labels which to many are vague generalizations. The point is our culture - both in the technological (tools, impliments, etc.) material sense and in the non-material sense is constantly expanding and (we like to believe) progressing toward something definite.

What does the plight of mankind and his anthropologic history have to do with us? It should be obvious that we as members of the race have for various reasons failed to execute our rule, and became a part of the whole - which is in reality, society. Many of us refused to "involve ourselves with mankind" -and unfortunately- we, the exiles, are an infinitesimally small percentage of the human family who fail in this. The point is this: education is the only catalyst that can make mankind a harmonious whole - and we, as its dichotemized members, whole persons for the first time.

It should not seem strange then that in the prison school more than anywhere else within the institution that the sometimes empty sounding, loosely turned term "rehabilitation" ceases to be meaningless and assumes real significance, for here a new world is unveiled for many -(the number of students who learn to read and write varies from semester to semester but a conservative estimate would show that seven to twelve constitute an average 1st grade class.) It is no small wonder that in a complex modern age where communication between individuals and groups is necessary for survival that these persons have found it impossible to function and invariably ended up on the so-called social scrap-pile. To many it is a chance never before available; to others a second chance to pick up the loose psychological ends of a job undone -and perhaps become whole persons again. To the emotional infant it is sometimes a therapy that puts him on his own feet, thinking out problematic situations for himself - as he must do when he re-enters the society of the free world. Through education no man can help but become, in some degree, more aware of himself, and consequently of others. We can not help but progress toward the role we are cut out for in the historical evolution of mankind...through education.

To pinpoint it insofar as the convict is concerned: education is salvation. There is no way of gauging the strides made by an individual inmate attending school at M.S.P. - for this does not show itself in the form of a "giant step forward"- it, like the progress of man, is a slow imperceptible change - at least on the surface. But deep down, indelibly burned inside of him is a man's new awareness of the significance of life itself and a sense of being a part of the whole. The family of man.

A woman went to a medium and got into contact with her dead husband.

"James," she asked, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy."

"Are you happier than you were with me on earth?"

"Yes, far happier," came the sepulchral voice.

"Tell me, James, what is it like in Heaven?"

"Heaven!" the voice said, "Who's in Heaven?"

****

Farmer's barn had burned down and the agent from the insurance company arrived to discuss the claim. He explained the policy that covered the structure and told the farmer that the company would rather build another barn of similar size and materials instead of paying the claim in cash.

The farmer was furious. "If that's the way your company does business," he exploded, "you can just cancel the insurance policy on my wife."

****

The policeman asked the injured pedestrian if by chance he'd noticed the license plate number on the car that just hit him.

"No," he answered. "But I'd remember the driver's laugh anywhere."

****

Adam and Eve must have been Russian. They had no clothes, no place to live, only an apple between them -- and they called it Paradise.

****

A wolf at a New York hotel perked up as a beautiful gal passed by. When his standard come-on was repulsed, he said bitterly, "Pardon me. I thought you were my

mother."

"I couldn't be," she said sweetly, "I'm married."

****

A friend of ours insists that his wife dresses to kill...and cooks the same way.

****

A bachelor, hoping to make an impression on his date, took her to dine at a continental restaurant. But when he ordered from the foreign language menu, he discovered that Poulet a La Ferrari was simply a chicken that had been run over by a sports car.

****

From an Advertisment in a Montana newspaper: "Elderly lady with hearing aid wants to meet elderly gentleman with batteries.

****

A man in the restaurant rushed over to the manager and screamed, "I've been robbed. I turned my head and someone stole my topcoat."

"What kind of topcoat did you have?" asked the manager.

"It was a brown coat with raglan sleeves," replied the customer.

The manager said, "You know, I did see a man walking out of here just a minute ago with that very coat on."

"Quick," demanded the customer. "What did the guy look like?"

"Terrible," replied the manager. "The sleeves were much too short for him."

****

There is nothing like a dishtowel for wiping that contented look off a married man's face.

****

Alimony is like paying installments on your car after it is wrecked.

****

Patient to psychiatrist: "Doctor, you've got to help me. I'm beginning to think I'm a horse."

Doctor: "How many years have you been thinking you're a horse?"

Patient thought for a moment, then lifted his right leg and stamped his foot on the floor three times.

****

About beatniks...anyone who looks like Abraham Lincoln can't be all bad.

****

# Sex

## by William Crepeau

The affluent society, the productive people, the liberal American. This is a world wide accepted definition of our country, a definition spawned here, at home.

Just as the description of America was built in this land, so was the society itself built in an ever widening circle. Because we are farsighted and liberal we became productive, therefore nationally wealthy. Wealth allows one to be liberal and the cycle is completed and repeated.

A circle is a flat, two dimensional object that keeps coming back to the same place. We are moved outward with every moment of time that passes; our circle has become a spiral, and a spiral must go somewhere.

The key word in our society is liberal. Each time our economic and social cycle hits this point it grows and repeats. This word does not necessarily denote any political party or group, both major parties are liberal; they as well as the entire American people are "willing to change." And as a nation of individuals we have changed, sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, but always changing and always with our spiral being pulled somewhere by old father time. We know what has happened in the past and we have a fair idea of what the next change will be, but do we know where we are going? Are we willing to be just liberal?

We must begin practicing directive liberalness. Just to be changing for the sake of variety isn't enough. We could alter our society and make it a "free-sex" group. This would be a change and at least one-half (the male half) of our country think it would be a good change.

But is there any real purpose to it? We are not in dire need of increasing the population; we are not an in-bred group. We aren't even pleasure orientated nationally (which is a stinking shame.) This move would serve no good cause, so we just won't make it.

As long as we are going to be logical and reject a worthless move, why not go all the way? Is there any good reason why this nation should not be logical with all of its liberal policies, why we should not direct our own course? There is no reason why we should gamble through neglect with our future, for to do so is not using good sense. Yet we do! This nation wanders through time because even with our finest policies we are only half-smart.

That's right, half-smart! We see a need, find the answer and then change to put the answer to use. Then when the job is half done we forget all about it. Here is a group that intelligently, totally rejects one change while at the same time they half-fight wars, half-train teachers, half-equip school laboratories, half-develop atomics, and half-build prisons.

All of these 'halves' are important, but to the quarter of a million of us locked behind closed doors this last one is the most important. To the 175,000 of us who will spend our lives going from one prison to the next this is a matter of life or death. Yes, 70% of America's prisoners will repeat their crimes; they are compelled to do so from within and will follow that compulsion unless trained to do otherwise. This training is the goal of prison reform.

Montana is a leader in prison reform. Our prison is staffed with the finest of personnel. In education, social services, religion, mental health, food, recreation, and security we hold records that make wardens all over the nation envious.

In the 14 months that I have been here there has been added a speaker's club, a Jaycee group, and a mental health course; all directly aimed at rehabilitation. I've watched many men graduate from grade and high school, but have seen only two fist fights, no knifings or murders. How many communities in Montana can say that their town has done as well? Every administrative member of the staff is open to suggestions from any quarter and is constantly seeking to improve the rehabilitative effectiveness of the prison.

A big well done (well done but not finished, for human relations are never completed) is deserved by the prison administration but not by you, the people of Montana. You may reach for your back but not pat it, for you are to receive a "half-done, Half-smart." You have placed an up-to-date administration in a 19th century setting, and the spiral of the states future is drifting, drifting with no goal.

It is hard for me to believe that the citizens of my state are as half-smart as myself, a common criminal. It must be my assumption that you do not know about the physical facilities at your state prison. A logical people could not allow this half-baked situation to continue. Are you aware that the vocational training in printing here is done on a press that was made during the civil war? That press is only a little older than the walls that surround it. Most of you will have trouble remembering when the garment shop sewing machines were made (1894), yet we "train" modern tailors using them. A very few more of you can remember the construction of the "new cell house" built in 1912 and the modern theater that was completed in 1919.

If it comes as a surprise to you that our school houses 87 men in grades 1-12 in one open medium sized room, or that all vocational training must produce useful items (the prison can't afford extras), or that the inmates must pay for all of their recreational equipment through a fund which they alone support, then you have an excuse for being half-smart. If this information is not shocking to you, then you have no excuse. No matter, you now know, and if this is your logical, affluent, productive country, then this prison is your worry.

It is no addident that this article should appear at the same time that the warden and staff are talking about new buildings, facilities, and equipment. Everyone here knows that it costs you more than $2,100.00 per year per inmate for this institution. Simple arithmetic says reduce the men and you reduce the cost. The only way to do this is to follow the lead of the prison administration; teach these inmates to be assets to our society, and they must be taught or they will come back.

It makes no more sense to fight a good cause than it did to capitalize the title of this article. Yes, the title lead you into reading this, and you read it all, not just half. Half-way won't do the job.

# This I Say

by Phillips

As a former member of the news staff and still an avid follower of M.P. News publications, I feel it my duty to express the inmate side to your article of last month entitled "Parole Board" on Page 39.

During the course of my tenure with the prison magazine, approximately 3 years, I have had the pleasure of working with many editors, all of whom placed their full cooperation and support to the inmate body as a whole. Since the infancy of our news publication, under the editorship of Frank Dryman, the prison paper of this institution has been published expressly for, by and of the inmates concerned, free from political tendencies. It has pertained to our own secluded world amidst the strife and unexpectedness of prison routine. The M.P. News has previously offered interesting information concerning the prisons various shops, complete outlines of our athletic programs, our educational system and including music highlights or the institutions top notch bands among numberous other notes, certainly worthy of print.

The May issue of the M.P.News carried several articles of excellent taste and for which the writers are to be commended. The assorted variety of articles submitted, correctly phrased, shows a talent beyond words and the dedication of authors concerned. But Mr. Editor, do you feel justified in using nine pages of our limited magazine for supposedly describing the Montana State Board of Pardons and Paroles? Do you in any sense of the word feel that we, the inmates, are not clearly aware of the Parole Agenda from month to month? Mr. Editor, has the policy of our M.P.News now been taken from us and placed in the hands of the public for other purposes? It would clearly seem that such an article as was submitted under the heading of "Parole and Pardon" in the May issue was not compatible in any way with the original purpose of this paper. The above mentioned article would best be described as political in nature. Since the inmate has no voice on this subject, it seems clearly out of place, uncalled for and unconstitutional to the purpose of our magazine. The outcome of further articles along this line is alarmingly clear.

We, the inmate body of Rothe Hall, extend to the editor and staff of the M.P. News our full support throughout the years ahead and look forward to a continuation of a job well done.

# GET PRISONS

# OUT OF POLITICS

## REPRINT FROM THE LINCOLN JOURNAL

by Marjorie Marlette

DELFT, Netherlands--A prominent American psychiatrist, from our neighbor state of Kansas, believes that "we need to get the whole matter of prisons and prisoners out of politics and into science."

Present day methods of punishing criminals are a failure, says Dr. Karl Menninger of the famed Menninger clinic in Topeka, Kansas.

"They waste money, manpower, and fail to prevent injustice and suffering. We need new techniques, more motive."

### WATCHING NEBRASKA

Dr. Menninger, who traveled to Eurpoe to attend the International Criminological Congress in the Hague, Nehterlands, this fall, and later lectured in England, said he would watch with interest any changes made in Nebraska's prison system.

(Proposed for change are expected at the next Legislature as a follow-up of work done by a special penal affairs committee of the Legislative Council.)

The most important thing needed in prisons, Dr. Menninger explained, is a classification or diagnostic center. (A central diagnostic center to serve all Husker-state prisons is being recommended by the Penal Affairs Committee.

### MAP PROGRAM

At such a center, scientists--psychiatrists, psychologists, etc., --can test an individual, find out what needs correction, and map out a program to help him readjust to a productive life. Such classification can distinguish--as Menninger says the law does not--between crimes that are accidental; crimes that represent a pattern of behavior expressing of "chronic unutterable rage

and frustration", and crimes that are chosen as a way of life or business.

But a diagnostic center, the psychiatrist warned, is "no good unless you have indeterminate sentences."

"Officials are limited all the time by sentences which some judge pulled out of a hat without knowing a man.... It's like a man coming into a hospital with a serious illness. We could cure him in one year. But he has 10 years. Why cure him when in all that time, he will just get another illness? And the inmate feels, "Why should I try to get well?"

Indeterminate sentences would allow the scientist to work with a law-breaker until they feel he is ready for release under parole--not just until an arbitrary period of time is put in, Dr. Menninger explained.

## MORE TIME FOR SOME

Which means, he added that, "in some cases the psychiatrists would keep inmates in confinement a great deal longer than the public would. We care about the protection of the public, and wouldn't let men out if we did not think they were ready...."

As to the length of time an inmate would serve--"Who is best able to judge--a law man who wrote a statute 50 years ago or a doctor who sees a man right now?" the psychiatrist asked.

Calling work with lawbreakers a "most interesting, lively, and exciting field," Menninger pointed out that "Every human being has enough anti-social impulses so that a criminal might be me. Might be you. Might be anybody.

## AGGRESSIVE IMPULSES

"There are aggressive impulses in all of us that need control. The moral man is not someone who has never had any temptation, but one strong enough to resist it.

"More research is needed in this area."

Dr. Menninger has been closely associated with nationally noted improvement in mental hospitals in Kansas. He gives credit for that improvement to the news media and to the public. "When the public knows the facts, they are intelligent and interested and anxious for change," he said.

The same, he anticipates, will be true as the public learns what is needed in prisons.

# ROTHE HALL AMBLINGS

by Nelson

Due to inertia, spring fever and laziness, I've not written to friends, family or the M.P. News. I'll leave it up to the editor or his censor to see if there is anything worthwhile herein fit for the News.

There is no use to remark about the snow or the mud, there's been enough said about that already and a lot of it real bad. I would like to pass on a short story that came to my attention the other day, however.

"A gent walked into a saloon and asked the bartender what could he do for the hiccups. The bartender promptly hauled off and knocked the guy down. 'Gee, said the guy, as he got up and brushed himself off, 'what did you do that for?' 'Well,' said the bartender very reasonably, 'your hiccups are gone, aren't they?' 'Well, for crying out loud,' said the gent, 'I never had the hiccups; my wife out in the car had 'em.'

A friend of mine, working at Ranch #1, informs me that they built a trap to catch magpies in. Seems it worked good after the bait was put into it. Re-

turning to the trap the morning after it was set he found some twenty birds in it. "Hm, hm," he said to himself and left to do something else...returning later to empty the trap he found only about eight magpies left. He found that the smart magpie had been able to escape through the trap's door. After rearranging the door the trap was successful and I've heard no more about it. In talking to some of the cowboys, I've been informed that a magpie is deadly to newborn calves and sick stock. When there are too many of the birds around at calving time they try to control them.

Probably one of the least known of operations here at MSP is the sawmill and logging operations carried on as a part of the prison production programs. This operation is headed by Mr. Fred McOmber, a veteran of many years experience in logging and related activities. His record speaks for itself here at MSP in production of lumber. I've had the privilege of working in this department since last October and have gained a pretty good insight into the operation here. First in the program is the falling of suitable trees. This is done in the winter by Mr. McOmber and a crew he takes to the woods for several months. The trees are cut down, the branches trimmed off and then the tree is cut into suitable lengths both for hauling and sawing. Hauled to the mill, located near Rothe Hall, the logs are sawed into boards and planks of various lengths and used in construction in the prison building program. Large amounts of lumber went to the State Parks last year. Too, there are orders being filled now for the parks. A program of building picnic tables for the parks is carried out by the sawmill crew. Last year these picnic tables for the parks were assembled by an inmate crew. The work is now being done by park employees. The prison park crew has been disbanded and all work is now done by regular park employees.

I'd say that this program and the men who work on it as sawyers, loggers and all the rest of the jobs, are to be commended. Some of this work is W.O.R.K.

It's all in the point of view: like the optimist who fell from the top of a twenty story building. As he passed each floor on the way down he cheerfully reassured himself, "Everything's O.K., so far."

# COMPLEX CHARLIE

Dear Chas:
I recently met a married woman who has lots of money, a Rolls Royce, furs and jewellery. She wants me to go with her to Hawaii. Will I do wrong if I go?

--An Outsider

Dear Out:
Probably.

--Chas

Dear Charlie:
What's green all over and shoots bullets?

--Carl (Riddle) Moody

Dear Rid:
What's green all over and shoots bullets? That's an easy one: A watermelon with a machine gun.

--Dum-dum Charlie

Dear Chuck:
I've got a friend so dumb he thinks the "Grand Canyon Suite" is a hotel room. This gink couldn't carry a tune in a wheelbarrow, but maybe he isn't beyond the pale. Perhaps you can help by telling him the definition of a true music lover.

--Gene Brewster

Dear Gene:
A true music lover is the man who puts his ear to the keyhole when he hears a soprano in the shower.

--My Aching Bach Chuck

Dear Charlie:

A farmer friend of mine back home writes that he had such a poor crop last year that the crows had to kneel to eat the corn. I discussed this problem of my pal's with a bootlegger chum you know, and he gave me some advice to pass along to him. My problem is: do you have any idea as to how much corn he'll harvest this year?

--Robert (Rustic) Schauer

Dear Rustic:

I'd say he should get about ten gallons to an acre.

--Pruno Charlie

Dear Chuck:

Name the deficits of the automobile age.

--Earl Jones

Dear Earl:

Well, the auto age certainly took the profit out of horse stealing.

--Saddle Tramp Chuck

Dear Chas:

Do you think mixed marriages can be successful?

--Curious

Dear Curious:

Certainly. I know a number of men who have married women and they are quite happy.

--Bluebeard Chas

Dear Charlie:

What will space travel accomplish?

--Doc Berg

Dear Doc:

It will separate the men from us cowards.

--UFO Charlie

ED'S NOTE: Complex Charlie is in need of more urgent questions. Turn your problem in to myself, Joe Lucas, or send it along to the M.P. News.

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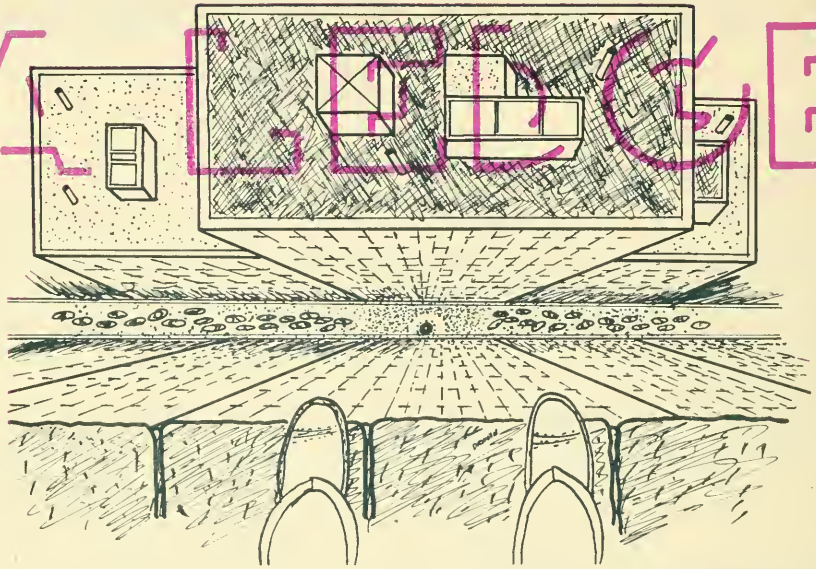
# MANON LEDGE



by Donald Honig

He watched the crowd gathering below on the sidewalk. It was rapidly increasing in size, swelling out into the street. Traffic was beginning to pile up. But everything looked so tiny from his ledge 26 stories up.

He paid little heed to the startled faces that popped in and out of the windows to gape or plead. First it had been a bellhop; then an elevator operator who demanded to know what this was all about. A moment later the assistant manager's head poked through a window, and finally the manager appeared, a fat, red face.

"What are you doing out there?" the manager asked.

"I'm going to jump."

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"Carl Adams. Go away."

The ledge was about 18 inches wide. He stood between two windows, but he couldn't be reached from either one. His back was against the wall, the bright sun falling full upon him. With his white shirt open at the throat, he looked like a man prepared for execution.

New heads began poking out of the windows--a physician,

various hotel officials, a clergyman. They spoke quietly to him, addressing him as "Mr. Adams."

"Why not come in and talk it over?" the clergyman asked.

"There's nothing left to say."

"Do you want me to guide you back through the window?"

"If you step out," Adams said tersely, "I'll jump."

"How can we help you, then?"

"You can't."

Then a policeman looked out. "Hey, fella," the police man said. "They called me up from down below. Said there's a guy up here threatening to take a dive. You're not really going to jump, are you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I like to do spectacular things."

"Hey, you got a sense of humor," the policeman said. "I like that." He climbed out onto the ledge and sat down. "Want a cigarette?"

"No," Adams said.

The policeman shook a cigarette loose from his pack and lighted it, expelling smoke into the sunshine. "It's sure a pretty day, you know?"

"A good day to die," Adams said.

"You're pretty morbid, fella. You got a family?"

"No. Do you?"

"I've got a wife."

"I have no one."

"That's too bad."

"Yes," Adams said.

But only yesterday, he thought, he did have a family. He had left the house in the morning, and Karen had said good-by to him at the door. She did not kiss him; theirs was a kissless marriage now. But she was still his wife; he loved her, then and forever. He would never give her a divorce, even though she had said she would leave him eventually. And then he had come home at six o'clock, and there was no wife, no love, nothing-only an empty bottle of sleeping pills and Karen's body lying on the couch.

A note on his pillow explained. It was blunt and brusque; she mentioned Steve, knowing he knew -- he had known for months. The two men had never met, but once he had seen Karen with a strange man in a neighborhood cabaret, and when, at home, he asked if Steve was that

man she had said yes, openly. There had never been anything surreptitious on her part. She had told him long before that their marriage was over, and after that night she spoke freely of going away with Steve.

But today Steve had told her he could not go away with her. Steve had deceived her.

He went out that night and walked the streets until after midnight. The next day he awoke knowing what he was going to do. He checked into the hotel, asking for a room near the top. He knew that what happened after that would happen naturally.

The height did not bother him any longer, as it had when he first stepped onto the ledge. He felt close to the buildings that soared around him. Below, the street was black with gaping people. Firemen held their canvas net, which looked like a black pancake with a red circle in the center-- but it wouldn't stop a body dropping 26 floors. There was no way to get at him. Fire ladders did not reach that high. A protruding cornice blocked rescue from above.

"This is useless," a man was saying to him, his head leaning out the window. "I'm a doctor. I can help you."

"In which ward?" Adams asked.

"No wards, Mr. Adams. I promise you."

"It's too late. Attend to somebody who needs you, Doctor. I don't."

The doctor disappeared, and another face came out the window -- the clergyman again.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" he asked.

"No," Adams said.

"Do you want us to leave you alone to think?" he asked.

"Do as you please."

The clergyman's head ducked in, and he could hear the men in the room jabbering, figuring a way to change his mind, probably making frantic phone calls to experts on suicide.

Then the policeman reappeared. Adams had known he would. He had been more responsive to him than to any of the others, and so the policeman would try again.

"You know, Adams," the officer said, sitting out on the window sill again, "you're doing me a favor. Normally I'd be down there directing traffic, but because of you I'm up here taking it easy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. That's my beat."

"You might just as well be up here. The traffic isn't moving anyway."

The policeman laughed. "That's right," he said with a gesture. "Those people down there are expecting you to jump. They're looking forward to it."

Adams started. "Looking forward to it?"

"Sure. They've made up their minds you're going to jump, and they want to see it. You're not going to disappoint them, are you?"

Adams looked down, his eyes sweeping over the blocks of clustered people.

"You can't hear them up here," the policeman said, "but they're yelling for you to jump. They feel you owe it to them for making them stand around all afternoon."

"They're a pack of hungry wolves," Adams said.

"That's right. Why give up your life so they can have a thrill?" The policeman watched Adams' face, thought he detected a flicker of uncertainty. "Come on in," he said in a low, cajoling voice. "The hell with all those people."

"Maybe you're right," Adams said.

"Sure."

Adams wavered, coming away from the wall for a moment. Then he fell back, covering his eyes. "I'm a bit dizzy," he said. "Give me a hand."

The policeman looked across the street at the photographers on the roof, their cameras poised. It would make quite a picture for the morning papers.

"All right, hold on."

The crowd gave a roar as the policeman stood up on the ledge and began to edge along it, extending his hand.

"I knew you would come eventually," Adams said, clasping the policeman's hand. "That's why I chose this place."

"What?" the policeman said, trying to maintain his balance on the narrow ledge.

"My name isn't Adams, Steve. Karen was my wife. Do you know she killed herself last night?"

Terror spread over the policeman's face. He tried to draw back, but his hand was locked in the other's. There was a sudden lunge, a sickening thrust and a twist. As he toppled softly into space, toward the rising roar from the crowd, the last conscious thing the policeman felt was the firm, hard hand gripping his like a vise.

# A Legend Called Curry

J. Snow

The Little Rocky Mountains have seen their full share of frontiersmen, Indians, cowboys, sheriffs and outlaws. But no story from this area in Eastern Montana contains the excitement, glamour and legend that surrounds that of Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry.

This story, like all stories, has at least two sides. That of Powell "Pike" Landusky, whom I am not writing about, except as it is incidental to Harvey Logan, this article's protagonist. If Pike Landusky is slighted or appears to be more of a villain than Kid Curry it is not entirely due to the author's prejudice, but equally from the evidence that was garnered from many sources.

At least three writers have taken an opposite tack than that which is taken here. James D. Horan & Paul Sanns in their book "Desperate Men" had no good word for Kid Curry. One minor comment they made was that the Kid was, a "heavy drinker and had bad habits." Dorothy Johnson in her article for the state historical magazine, "Montana", was almost entirely unsympathetic with "The Durable Desperado" as she named Curry. Other authors who were more lenient with him were: Bob and Katherine Wright,"The Territory of Treasures"; Eugene E. Cunningham, "Triggernometry"; E. C. (Teddy Blue) Abbott, "We Pointed Them North"; J. K. Rollinson, "Wyoming Cattle Trails"; Bob Fletcher's "Smoke Signals" in the April 1952 issue of "Montana"; Joseph Kelsey Howard, "Montana: High, Wide and Handsome"; articles from the Harlem Enterprise, Harlem News and Great Falls Tribune. Other sources for the information contained herein are from: Mrs. C. Brower, Librarian of the Harlem Public Library, and word of mouth stories that have been handed down from "eye witness" accounts to people who live in the Landusky, Wagner, Zortman and Malta area.

In rebuttal to Horan & Sanns' charge of the Kids being a heavy drinker, let it be noted that J. K. Rollinson in his book says the Kid neither drank nor smoked. In researching this article I have found that no two people seem quite able to agree on the Curry Legend.

To many, he was a vicious little killer. To others he was justified because of the wrongs he suffered at the hands of the "law", in the form of Pike Landusky.

Dorothy Johnson in her story, The Durable Desperado, gives credit to Flatnose George Curry for the family name change. Since Kid Curry was probably the first of the Logans to meet Flatnose George Curry, and that meeting in 1895, it seems unlikely that the whole family, especially Hank, the most respectable member, would assume the name of a well known and rather infamous outlaw. More likely, it was a family name, for even their cousin Bob Lee used it at various times.

The Pinkerton Agency, who hunted the Curry gang and the old Hole in the Wall gang for many years, carry this description of Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry. Born in Rowan County, Kentucky in 1859. Five feet, one and a half inches tall; dark eyes and complexion; one hundred and forty-five pounds and of medium build; jet black hair; nose, long, straight and prominent; gunshot wound on right arm between wrist and elbow, two scars on back evidently from buckshot, left shoulder lower than right due to wound; long arm and fingers.

Harvey Logan was twenty-five years old when he and his brother Hank came to the Montana Territory in the spring of 1884. That spring and summer they worked at the Circle Bar ranch, and that fall and winter they cut and sold wood at eight dollars a cord. In the spring they resumed work at the ranch. During the summer Lonine (Lonie) and Johnny Logan rode into the territory from Missouri and the brothers soon elected to start their own spread on Rock Creek, about five miles from the present site of Landusky. They were all to use the name of Curry and it is the name that will be used throughout the rest of this article.

Until 1894 there is no actual record of any previous brushes with the law for the Curry brothers. Some say the Kid was on the run from Arizona when he came here and that Lonie was on the run from Missouri. There is no evidence to this effect. Alvin Douglas, Justice of the Peace, in the Kansas town where Lonie was shot said he knew the boys well. That if they went wild it was after they went west.

From 1885, until 1894, the Curry brothers lived and prospered on their small ranch in the Little Rockies. Sometime during this period they had their first run-in with Pike Landusky. One story is that Pike failed to return a plow that he had borrowed from them and had to be asked for it. Another is that Pike returned the plow broken and refused to have it fixed. Whatever the circumstances, it was the beginning of a feud that led to much crime, bloodshed and heartache.

Around 1865, shortly after Pike first came to Montana, he set up a trading post on Flatwillow Creek where he bartered booze with a Piegan Indian tribe, who had a part time settlement there. One night, in a drunken rage, Pike fired his buffalo gun into the tepee village. The undirected shot struck and killed a squaw. The Piegans attacked the small trading post and Pike was to have the lower portion of his jaw shot away by a vengeful buck. Needless to say, Pike moved on to greener pastures, and from that time on he was known to be an Indian hater. Even the fractional amount of Indian blood in the Currys' seemed enough to rub him the wrong way.

In 1893, Bob Orman discovered a rich vein of gold in Little Alder Gulch. It was to lead Pike to fame and fortune, for Orman took him in as a partner. In the summer of 1894 the inevitable mining camp was named Landusky.

By this time the Currys' were also prospering and Lonie Curry was paying court to the youngest of Pike's four step-daughters, Elfie. Pike was very

jealous of anyone who payed too much attention to the girls and in an effort to stop the romance between Lonie and Elfie he swore out a complaint with the sheriff from Fort Benton, charging Harvey (The Kid) Curry with cattle - stealing. The sheriff consigned the Kid to Pike's custody and as there was no jail in Landusky, Pike had him shackled to a log and abused him with tongue and foot. As a special deputy Pike escorted Kid Curry to Fort Benton and then hot-footed it back to Landusky where a big Christmas celebration was about to take place.

Lonie Curry, who fiddled at most of the dances, was to fiddle at Landusky's first. Lonie was a popular figure around the country because of his dark, good looks and his ability as a fiddler. As the town's first party progressed it's namesake became drunker and drunker. He began to ridicule Lonie in front of everyone at the dance and wound up by cursing him and telling him that he was a no-good Injun and to stay the hell away from his daughter Elfie.

On December 27th, 1894 Kid Curry returned to the Curry ranch from Fort Benton. The charges against him had been dropped from lack of evidence. Upon learning of Pike's abuse to his younger brother, Lonie, he decided it was time to square accounts with Mr. Landusky. He, along with Lonie, and a friend, Jim Thornhill, rode into Landusky to the Christmas party which was still going on. The Kid and his retinue headed for Pike's hangout....Jew Jakes.

Jew Jakes was a saloon, owned and built by Pike Landusky. It got its name from one of Pike's henchmen, a wooden legged Jew who managed the bar and small store for Pike. Jew Jake was reputed to use a shot gun for a crutch and it is primarily for this reason that he has gained notice on the pages of Montana's history.

As the Currys, with their friend Thornhill, entered the bar, Pike was taking a drink and had his back to the door. Without a word the diminutive Kid stepped up to him and swung a haymaker that spun Pike around and felled him. The Kid went to the floor with him and he began to beat Pike senseless. Only when he was good and ready did the outraged bundle of dynamite get up from the badly battered Pike.

At this moment Pike was to make the most foolish mistake of his rapidly shortening life. He went for his gun. The gun, a new automatic that he had recently purchased from St. Louis, misfired. Pike in his eagerness had forgotten to release the safety.

In the tenths of a second that it takes a man to draw, Jim Thornhill drew and tossed his gun to the Kid, who was unarmed. The Kid, crouching, and spinning on his heel placed three neat holes in Pike Landusky's already badly damaged head. Pike would hate no more!

The Kid, panicky and afraid of jail, fled from the crime. Jim Thornhill, later charged as an accomplice, was acquitted when the jury rendered a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

With wanted posters around the country Curry took to the owlhoot trail and was soon to be found riding with Butch Cassidy's Hole in the Wall gang. The Hole in the Wall gang was the most notorious band of outlaws to ride the territories around Montana since the demise of the Innocents. The major difference was that Butch Cassidy, unlike Henry Plummer, did not believe in murdering his victims as a surety for their silence. In all his years as an outlaw, Cassidy was never known to have killed a man, nor to have advocated killing.

For the next seven years Kid Curry was to serve as an apprentice to such outlaws as: Harvey (The Sundance Kid) Longabaugh, Ben (The Tall Texan ) Kilpatrick, O. C. (Deaf Charlie ) Hanks, and, of course, George LeRoy (Butch Cassidy) Parker.

Other members of the gang during these years were: Flatnose George Curry (no relation of the Kids'), Bill Cruzan, George Kilpatrick (Ben's brother),

Tom O'Day, Tom Cartwright, Lonie and Johnny Curry and their cousin Bob Lee. Other lesser known members of the gang rode where the "heat was off" and the "pay was good." From the Brakes of the Brazos, to the Mogollon Rim, from Robbers Roost to the Hole in the Wall, the owlhoot trail was known to all of them and it was certainly no stranger to the Kid.

The Hole in the Wall gang were specialists. This was one of the prime reasons for their long success in a notably short lived type of work. Flat-nose George Curry was the cattle rustler of the outfit. Butch Cassidy was a strong leader and was the maestro of the bank jobs. Ben Kilpatrick (The Tall Texan) was the specialist at setting up train robberies. The Kid rode with them all and seems to have learned the trade well.

In June of 1899, he took part in the Rock Creek, Wyoming train robbery which netted the bandidos $34,000. No small amount in that era. He was also charged with a U. P. Railroad robbery at Wilcox, Wyoming, and for the robbery of a bank in Belle Fourche, South Dakota in 1899. Finally on July 3rd, 1901 he robbed the westbound Great Northern passenger train No. 3 at Wagner, Montana, which netted the gang about $80,000, at least half of which was in unsigned notes. By this time the Kid was leading his own gang and from all reports they were going great guns.

After the robbery Kid Curry and his cohorts fled. It was presumed he headed for the Hole in the Wall or some other such inaccessible hideout. Many people figure however, that the Kid returned with Deaf Charlie Hanks and shot Jim Winters one morning as Winters came from his ranchhouse for water.

Earlier Winters had shot Johnnie Curry to death when Johnnie came gunning for him. The story is, that Winters had tried to turn Johnnie over to the law on a fraudulen charge, or for something that Johnnie was supposed to have been involved in with the Kid. Johnnie, in trying to live up to the reputation established by his oldest brother, Kid Curry, went after him. Winters, taking no chances, cut him down with a shotgun.

Although there were no witnesses to the Winters murder, and all evidence seems to point to the Kids riding south immediately after the hold-up, and the fact that Winters was not well liked and had many other enemies, the Kids detractors insist it must have been him out for the revenge of Johnnie.

The Kid, Deaf Charlie Hanks, and an unknown woman were known to head south. Deaf Charlie was shot to death while trying to escape arrest in San Antonio, Texas in April 1902. A few days later the Kid was arrested in Knoxville, Tennessee..... and almost immediately escaped by bribing the sheriff.

Whether the woman who rode south with Curry and Hanks was Lonie's widow is not known for sure. It is assumed that Elfie Landusky Curry, the step-daughter Pike had gone to such lengths to keep away from Lonie Curry, rode with them to visit her husband's grave in Dodson, Kansas. A posse had routed him out of his Aunt's house and had shot him down as he attempted to escape.

In 1903 a bank job in Cody, Wyoming was charged to the Kid. On June 8th, 1904 he was supposed to have robbed the Denver and Rio Grande train at Parachute, Colorado. Around this period he is also charged with the shooting and killing of George Scarborough, who had shot John Stillman, one of Wes Hardin's gunmen. Scarborough was reputedly one of the fastest and most deadly gunmen in the West.

From 1904 to 1909 there were many accusations made about the Kid but as there was little evidence there were no formal charges. But in 1910 he was again to take his place in the spotlight of notoriety when he was charged with robbing a bank in Morencia, Arizona of $16,000. It happened this way: "About 10:00 o'clock one morning a lone horseman rode into town and tied his horse to a hitching rack 100 yards above the bank, the bank being on the ground floor and a hotel above. Carrying a double canvas bag in his hand, the robber entered the glass-paneled front door, which he also locked. He

then "threw down" his Colt .45 pistol on the cashier and bookkeeper, who were the only occupants of the bank, and their hands went up in a hurry. Curry entered the private enclosure in the bank and asked the cashier to dump the money at the window in his bag. The mixed coin and currency, amounting to $15,000. was poured into Curry's canvas sack. The Kid then led the cashier into the outer vault, the door of which was open and in the corner of which lay a great many sacks of silver dollars. The Kid help up his sack and ordered the cashier to pour in some of the silver. When $900. had been emptied into the sack, Curry said it was enough. The cashier and bookkeeper swore that they were unable to open the inside vault of the bank where most of the money was kept. They said the manager of the company store which also owned the bank, was the only one who had that combination. Kid Curry first ordered the cashier and bookkeeper to get into the outer vault so that he could lock them in, but their promise to keep still until he escaped led him to change his mind. Shouldering his heavy sack, he started for his horse, which was tied about 100 yards away. He had not gone more than halfway before the cashier and bookkeeper rushed out of the bank & started shooting at him with a shotgun and pistol. The charge of shot hit the ground near Curry's feet. He cooly put the sack on the ground and, pulling his pistol, sent the two bankers scurrying back into the building. Curry again shouldered his sack, just as he reached his horse an insurance agent ran out of his office nearby and began shooting with a small .22 calibre pocket pistol. No attention was paid to him by the Kid until he had fastened the sack securely across his saddle horn. Then he cooly pulled his Winchester rifle from his saddle scabbard and took one shot at the man with the toy pistol. The bullet from the Kid's high power rifle buried itself a few inches above the insurance man's head. The street now became crowded with people and he rode through them all. Stopping only long enough to threaten them with his rifle and scatter them. He galloped out of town while pursued by two officers. He jumped his horse over a steep cliff in order to escape them." (From the Gt. Falls Tribune April 19, 1931)

As dashing and heroic as all this may sound it is highly unlikely that it was actually perpetrated by Kid Curry. What is more likely than this and all the other robberies attributed to him during the years from 1904 on, is that he was peacefully wiling away his days on a ranch in Argentina. Butch Cassidy, along with The Sundance Kid and a few others had gone down there at about this time. It is most probable that the Kid too went at about the same time and to the same general area.

Bob Coburn of the Circle C outfit, said he visited with Kid Curry in Patagonia. None should know him better for the Kid rode 80 miles once in sub-zero weather to fetch a doctor for Coburn when he was thrown from a horse. Others who were with Coburn figured there wasn't much sense in making a ride that was a danger to their own life when he was so close to dying anyway. The Kid did. And when the doctor refused to come he forced him at gunpoint to accompany him. Because of the Kid's persistence Coburn lived.

During most of the Kids years as an outlaw, Charlie Siringo, the parttime outlaw, parttime Pinkerton detective, alleged that he was hot on the Kid's trail. He never did cross that trail, though he rode with many of the same men that Curry did. Its a personal opinion, but Charlie Siringo was either very smart, or very lucky.

One favorite story has it that the Kid returned to Montana, where he was great favored, changed his name and lived out his life as a good and prosperous rancher.

Another is that from Knoxville he rode West to Seattle, where he robbed a jewlry store and caught a boat to Argentina. In Argentian he continued his lawless ways and after committing depredations and robberies from Buenos Aires to Punta Arenas he was finally caught, tied on his horse, and set adrift in a wild and desolate country, never to be heard from again.

Still another is that he was shot and killed in Colorado and was exhumed on at least two different occasions by the Pinkertons. Each time to be positively identified as Kid Curry and to be proven later that it wasn't.

Personally, I like to think that he settled down on all his ill-gotten gains and lived to a ripe old age as a prosperous rancher and a good neighbor. But whatever he did, or wherever he went, it is almost certain that he brought with him the wonderful glitter of adventure that pursued him from border to border throughout most of his life. The glitter that lends such an exciting aura and mystery to another legend of the "old wild west."

If you have been having trouble with that top button on your shirt being unbuttoned, relax. Beginning in July a new style shirt will be issued that has no buttons. Five hundred open necked, short sleeved shirts have been made from an outside clothing manufacturers pattern. Contrary to the latest popular rumor they will be worn inside the trousers.

Another comfort that is about five years overdue, is the window shades that will be put up on the west side of the messhall. When the population was at a minimum they were allowed to sit away from the sun but recently this has been impossible. Perhaps the waiters on the west side will get more business at the evening meal now.

June 23rd will see the first formal graduation exercise held at M.S.P. Mr. Harlan Seljak, principal of the local high school and superintendent of Powell County Schools, will do the honors along with Mr. Maynard Olson who is high school supervisor for the State Department of Public Instruction.

Soft ball jersies are being bought by the M.P.Jaycees for the All Star Team that will play outside ball clubs.

MONTANA RED CROSS BLOOD CENTER
AMERICAN RED CROSS
CIVIC CENTER
GREAT FALLS, MONTANA
59401

23 April 1964

Mr. Edward S. Ellsworth, Jr.
Warden
Montana State Prison
Deer Lodge, Montana

Dear Mr. Ellsworth:

The entire staff of the Montana Red Cross Blood Center send their thanks and congratulations for the over-quota drawing on 17 April 1964.

As usual, this drawing came at a time when our blood supply was low, so we were very grateful for the extra units. This puts the M.S.P. drawings over quota for the 1963-64 fiscal year.

Please let each person know just how much they contributed to every drawing held this year. While volunteers are absolutely essential, the success or failure of an operation lies with the donor. We want all who helped in any way to know that we sincerely appreciate the work and effort that go into these drawings.

Thank you, Mr. Ellsworth, for your continued interest and support of the Blood Program.

Sincerely,

C. E. Crookshanks
Administrative Director

CEC:hw

BOX 7
DEER LODGE